

NAUGHTY DOINGS IN WESTFIELD, N.J.

THE NEW YORK NAUGHTY
POLICE GAZETTE
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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

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PRETTY GIRLS BARE THEIR ARMS.

THE NEW YORK HEALTH DEPARTMENT STARTS IN TO VACCINATE SHOP GIRLS BY THE WHOLESALE.



RICHARD K. FOX, - - Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
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RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher,
Franklin Square, - - New York.

ASSASSINATION.

The killing of Mayor Carter Harrison, of Chicago, by assassin Prendergast, which was fully described in the extra POLICE GAZETTE of last week, has inspired other dangerous cranks to seek notoriety in a similar manner.

President Garfield's assassination bore a strong surface resemblance, in its attendant circumstances, to that of Mayor Harrison. In both cases the assassin claimed that an office had been promised to him, and to have been justly incensed because he failed to get it.

Primo Minister Perceval, of England, was assassinated by one of these homicidal maniacs as he was going into the House of Commons. An office had not been refused to the fellow, but he pretended to have a money claim against the Government which it unjustly refused to pay, and he fixed upon poor Mr. Perceval as the man who ought to die because it was not paid.

Primo Minister Gladstone had a narrow escape, only a few months ago, from another of this class of dangerously crazy men. An office had not been denied to him, either, but he got it into his head that Mr. Gladstone was doing Protestantism great harm by his Home Rule bill, and that it was his mission to kill him.

Mr. Mackay, the bonanza king, came near dying by a bullet wound, dealt him by a similar kind of assassin not long ago. So in the case of Mr. Frick, of Homestead fame.

The attempt on the life of Russell Sage, and that made later on the life of Rev. Dr. John Hall, of this city, were both made by members of the same order of ferocious cranks.

It is not many weeks since the White House was visited by a queer being, who said he came to dispossess Mr. Cleveland, but who was fortunately, himself "removed" and committed to an asylum. And it was only the other day that a sanguinary fellow, of the same general type, went into the gallery of the Chicago Stock Exchange and began blazing away with a pistol at the members on the floor. There seems to be an epidemic of this despicable kind of crime.

While our public men are slowly learning the lesson that it is a perilous thing to permit the easy and familiar approach of all comers, including the cranks with special missions and pistols, the best thing that can be done is to follow the precedent set in Guitéan's case, and discourage the assassin in the sternest way. The plea of insanity should not be lightly accepted.

MASKS AND FACES.

Chicago to Have a Congress of the Exponents of the Ballet.

RICE'S CHORUS GIRLS KICK.

Divorce Suits that are Interesting the Theatrical World.

ADA REEVE MISSES JOHNNIES.

Just as the World's Fair is about to close comes the announcement that Chicago is to have a congress of the foremost teachers and exponents of the ballet.

There is such a subtle seductiveness in this little word. It affects everybody, more or less. The volumes of suggestiveness that it contains are all full of eloquence. This is generally the case when the senses of the devotees to the art are swayed under the magic impulses created by the entrancing performance of a dazzling vision, the components of which

are a maze of fluffy gauze skirts, flashes of graceful legs and arms, and glances from sparkling eyes.

There are rumors of war in the ranks of the pretty chorus girls, who lend attractiveness and piety to E. Rice's production of "1492."

The cause of the dissension is the fact that about a dozen girls who act as pages in the performance, and have to wear silk tights, did not receive their full salary on the last treasury day. Upon opening their envelopes they found that \$8.50 had been deducted from each to pay for the tights the girls wore.

Never in their rather extensive experience in comic opera or burlesque had they been compelled to pay for tights that had been prescribed by the management. It is customary, in such companies, for the management to furnish everything to the chorus girls, for the simple reason that it is necessary for the customer to be uniform and harmonious as to color and texture.

The chorus girls are highly indignant at the management for what they consider a great injustice. They claim that there was no agreement on their part to furnish tights, nor was there ever the slightest hint that such a thing would be required.

But I am sure Ed. Rice will speedily throw oil on the troubled waters. He has a knack of getting his girls in a corner, assuring them that they have undeveloped talent, and that he will make them all Lillian Russell some day or other. Then he rattles off a list of names of women who are now prominent in theatrical circles, and who were once in his employ. By the time he is through with his little speech, the dear girls are almost willing to work for him without any compensation whatsoever.

The Young and Handsome Women of the Stage. We have elegant cabinet photographs of them all. In rights or in costume, price, 10c. each—over 2,000 names in the list—Send 25c stamp for catalogue, or 10 cents each for all you desire. RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.

I hear that London has a new sensation. It must be a startling novelty and very up to date, as the Londoners are a jaded lot and do not enthuse very rapidly.

The sensation is a dance that is now being done at the Lyric Theatre in a burlesque by Sims and Raleigh, entitled "Little Christopher Columbus." It is accomplished with the aid of four young women, who wear dark tights with tan-colored garters around the middle of the thighs. After whirling about in this unconventional costume, they conclude their performance by turning back somersaults.

The effect of the movement is said to send the enraptured ladies in the stalls into convulsions of delight, and always wins for the dance a unanimous and enthusiastic encore. This novelty will soon be the rage, no doubt, with women of society in West End drawing-rooms.

Richard Mansfield treated us to an artistic production of "The Merchant of Venice" at Hermann's Theatre. His Shylock was a trifle too robust and melodramatic for an aged Jew, and did not quite tally with his splendid make-up. Portia was a trifle too much for Beatrice Cameron, who lacks both dignity and repose.

I am told that Cora Tanner has taken up her resi-

that piece. Just prior to its production, Mr. Hill's affairs were not as prosperous as they might have been.

"Charley's Aunt" has been a godsend to me," he said recently. "She has kept me from going to my uncle."

"The Algerians" surprised us all by making quite a hit at the Garden Theatre. The libretto of G. M. Donough was dull at times, but it was never vulgar; while the music of Reginald de Koven was both tuneful and clever.

Of course, the appearance of Marie Tempest had a great deal to do with the success of the work. She is, undoubtedly, the most capable prima donna on the comic opera stage of to-day. She has but little voice, yet she uses it so artistically that she conveys such effects never dreamt of by singers who are more fortunately endowed vocally, while she is never wanting dramatically.

They are telling a very funny story concerning the kiss which Marie Tempest and Julius 8 ever exchange in "The Algerians," and which came very near disrupting the company.

It seems that just prior to the performance of the operetta in New York, the dainty prima-donna and the handsome baritone had occasion to call upon George Lederer, who is at present managing Lillian Russell, in the course of the conversation the latter expressed a desire to witness the famous osculation.

"No, no!" protested the fair Marie. "We have cut it out of the opera, and shall never do it again!"

"No, no!" echoed Steger. "It is quite impossible!"

"But just once," pleaded the manager. Marie bent back her pretty head just a trifle. Steger leaned forward just a bit. There was a prolonged mingling of lips, a sigh of ecstasy, a sigh of content, and the pair turned to Lederer for approval.

But the manager spoke not a word. He had fainted! Digby Bell has closed his starring tour, and joined the company that will support Lillian Russell at the Casino. He will play Don Pedro in "Princess Nicotine." Anna O'Keefe, long identified with comic opera, has been engaged by A. M. Palmer, and will make her first appearance on the dramatic stage in support of Minnie Maddern-Fiske in the new play, "Hester Creve," that is to be produced in Boston shortly. Courtenay Thorpe has also been engaged for a prominent part in this production.

The latest importation from the London concert halls is Ada Reeve, who is now to be seen at Koster & Bial's.

"I miss the 'Johnnies' that frequent the stage doors in London," she said to me the other evening at the Imperial Music Hall, and while watching Little Gilson sing one of her songs. "I suppose New York will develop them in time. I hear you have instead what you call 'chappies.' About the cartwheel? It's not at all difficult, and easier than you think for, even with lots of skirts on. I quite enjoy doing it. In London where the gallery gods are ever on the alert, they always shout out:

"Turn again, Ada!"

"At first it was very embarrassing, but I got over that. Just before I came to America I was offered Nellie Farren's place in the London Gaiety Company, but I have contracts with the London music halls extending over the next three years, and they wouldn't let me off. They will let an artist go to America, but they hate to let her slip into the regular theatres of London."

Bettina Girard discussed her marriage with considerable freedom recently.

"You want to know all about my marriage with Harrison J. Wolfe, whom I have just sued for divorce?" she began. "Well, there is very little to say. I never loved him, you know, and I only married him out of pique. I loved another man very dearly, and we quarreled. Mr. Wolfe had been pestering me to marry him ever since we met. He did it in a gentlemanly sort of a way, you know, so I didn't mind. Then when the man I loved was untrue to me as I thought, I naturally turned to Mr. Wolfe. Two days after I had married him I met the man I loved, and found that I had been wrong. So I parted with Mr. Wolfe, and he said, in the presence of my maid, that I might get a divorce. That's all there is to it."

May Yohé, who seems to have been very successful in London, has been telling English interviewers that she is a real Indian, descendant in direct line from an ancient tribe. I'll wager that when she was under David Henderson's management he thought she was a Tartar.

Attilie Claire is going to return to the operatic stage. Shortly after her famous quarrel, or rather her series of quarrels, with Lillian Russell—all because the latter would not let her wear all her diamonds in "La Cigale" two seasons ago—Miss Claire married Alfred Kayne, a graduate of Columbian College and a millionaire, and retired from the stage.

It seems a difficult matter, however, for an actor or singer to retire from the stage. Again and again farewells are taken, but they are such only in name. The glare of the footlights exert a fascination that, once enjoyed, few are able to ever entirely escape.

The health officers had a pleasant time one day last week vaccinating the heavy-limbed chorus girls in a Trip to Mars."

A hundred times a week she'd do it.
How deeply he had wronged her.
A hundred times she said she'd kill him.
He were she only stronger.

And yet to-day I saw them both.
A cousin and a bittin';
They're man and wife—yet on the stage.
She's heroine, he's villain.

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A CONGRESS OF BALLET DANCERS.

PEEPS BEHIND THE SCENES.

Six Co-respondents Named in a Brooklyn Divorce Suit.

HE LOVED PRETTY LOUISE.

The Betrayer of a Girl shot Down in a Texas Village.

NEGRO FIENDS IN HARRISBURG.

There are six co-respondents in a divorce case which is on the calendar of the City Court of Brooklyn, N. Y. Some well-known men-about-town will have a prominence not altogether pleasant in a few days.

The case referred to is that of George A. Mead against his wife, Minnie A. Mead. The former lives now with his father at No. 601 Putnam avenue. He is an invalid, and recently came near dying from pneumonia.

The complainant accuses his wife of infidelity. She has put in an answer which is a general denial, and she threatens to make revelations in court which will prove that her husband himself is a great sinner.

The Mead couple are well known in the upper part of the Twenty-third ward. They were married in November, 1889, at the parsonage of the Nonstrand Avenue M. E. Church. Mrs. Mead was then eighteen years old. She was a Miss Hills. Her husband was twenty-three years old.

It seems that the couple did not live together very long at a time. They separated several times since July, 1890. Their final separation was in July, 1892. Then he alleges that while he was ill his wife cleared out, and left him alone with their three-year-old boy.

One of the co-respondents named by Mr. Mead is the son of a popular clergyman of the Reformed Church. The five others are sons of well-to-do parents living in the Bedford section.

Mrs. Mead is a dashing blonde with flashing black eyes. She has been considerable of a society woman. She had an encounter with her husband one night shortly after the divorce papers were served on her.

On this occasion, so Mr. Mead states, he was on his way home with a friend, when his wife who had been lying in wait for him, made an attempt to blind his eyes with red pepper which she threw at him. There were a couple of men with Mead at the time, her husband alleges, but she denies that there was ever such an attempt made by her.

* * *

Midway is a small place in Madison County, Tex., several miles from a railroad. There in the spring of 1892 Arthur Burrows wooed the daughter of one of the best families in that section of the country, and under promise of marriage caused her ruin. She was young, pretty and worshipped Burrows. She had given herself so wholly to him that when he entered into the scheme to put his crime upon an innocent man the girl consented to his plans, though not until he had threatened her in many ways.

R. O. Johnson is an uncle of the girl, and he it was upon whom Burrows wanted to charge the young woman's betrayal. He wrote a note for the girl, to sign in which it was stated that Johnson had caused her ruin while she was a guest at his house. Under threats of exposing her if she refused, Burrows compelled his victim to copy the note and sign her name to it. He then took the note and showed it to her father and neighbors. The whole neighborhood was immediately aroused, feeling ran high, and Johnson came very near being mobbed without an opportunity for an explanation. Burrows himself counseled such action. He suggested that Johnson should be shot, and that the girl's letter be pinned on his breast as an explanation of this treatment.

When the girl heard of this design, however, she broke down and told her mother the true state of affairs. Her father, her two uncles, Arthur Burrows, and three or four of the best citizens of the county were then called in. In their presence the story was repeated. She said that Burrows had threatened to expose her guilt, and pleaded his love for her, and had so worked upon her feelings that she had yielded to his diabolical designs upon an innocent man's life.

As soon as the story was finished the girl's father and uncles turned upon Burrows like maddened tigers and shot him before he could utter a word. R. O. Johnson and Charles F. Burris, uncles of the young lady; W. H. Finney, her father, and her two brothers, Walter and James Finney, were put under arrest for the killing of Burrows.

The trial of Johnson came up in the District Court of Madison County last Thursday and lasted until late Saturday night. Immense crowds were present at the Court House, which is in Madisonville during every hour of the proceedings. No political campaign had ever drawn out such an assemblage of people. Both families interested in the case had their friends and relatives present. Some of the oldest jurists in the State were employed on either side. The facts in the trial disclosed that the charge of outrage of the girl by Johnson was entirely untrue. The defense announced boldly that if Johnson had in fact outraged the girl and then killed Burrows, Johnson should be hung; but on the contrary, if Burrows had committed the crime himself and then attempted to charge it upon Johnson, the latter should be immediately turned loose. The jury agreed to the latter opinion, for they brought in a verdict declaring the defendant not guilty of the charge of murder. The cases against the others were nolle prosequi.

* * *

The other evening a beautiful young woman

aged twenty years, employed in a Market street, Harrisburg, Pa., store, left her place of employment for her home in Fairview. She had often gone home at night and had no fears of any danger. She crossed the bridge and passed through the town of Wormleysburg, and then through Edgewater, a new town adjoining it. About one quarter of a mile from Edgewater, and about the same distance from the farm-house on the hill above, stands a clump of papaw bushes, not a very large affair, but still big enough to conceal four or five men. Just as the unsuspecting and innocent young woman had passed this spot two forms seemed to spring from the earth and grasped her. The moon dimly showed them to be negroes.

"D—— you, you have traveled the road long enough!" said one of the men, while the other gave vent to a low fiendish chuckle.

She screamed as only a woman in extreme agony can. With a savage curse one of them clutched her throat, thus almost stifling her, while the other negro tried to pinion her arms to her sides. She struggled heroically for what was dearer than life. Virtue and the thought of those at home gave her strength that was more than human. A last desperate effort, and she tore herself free and started to run, screaming for mercy. But a few yards did she traverse when the black hounds again caught her. Again was this awful struggle repeated. First from one side of the road and then to the other they surged, and the

woman's charms. Louise didn't know of his family and hence for a time her affections wavered between him and Ernest. The latter finally won and was happy when the wedding was over and he had his fair one all to himself. This occurred on Oct. 24, 1892, and for a time thereafter the couple were happy.

Weiss, chafing under defeat, renewed his attentions, and, as subsequent events proved, with good success.

Louise capitulated, and five months after her marriage feigned illness in order to be rid of her husband. Like a kind-hearted man, Mathieu sent her on a trip to her old home in Vouquecourt, France.

On arriving there Louise found a letter from Louis awaiting her. "Dearest Louise," it ran, "you don't know how anxiously I have awaited news of you. The ship is too slow to carry such a precious burden, and when you come back I will find a faster sailor for you. The weather is good and I feel bully. When you come back I will take care of you, dearest. I think of you so much that I often make mistakes." And so on for several pages. The correspondence was kept up until July 11, when Weiss sent her \$100 to re-

turn to America. "I hope you received the money I sent you," he wrote.

"You will have to take the boat La Campagne, and you should leave early enough to have a night's rest in Havre. Please come direct here after arriving in New York, and if you haven't money enough telegraph me. I will send more. Now, dearest, every-

"I'll forgive you if you will tell me the whole truth in this matter," he told her.

With many tears the faithless wife agreed to the proposition, the more readily perhaps, because she found out that Louis had other fair loves besides her. One was a fair maid in an Iowa town whose letter fell into Louise's hands. Mathieu, however, has withheld the proof of his forgiveness until his wife proves herself worthy of it. At present she resides apart from her husband, but in rooms paid for by him. It was accordingly not strange when the case was called in Justice Brayton's court that Weiss exhibited uneasiness. Mrs. Mathieu took the stand and though the justice told her she need not do so began relating the story of her shame. The love letters from Weiss were identified and the pretty woman blushed as she read them to the court.

HE IS NOT A BARBER.

Office of

THE HOCKING SENTINEL.

A Democratic Newspaper. LEWIS GREEN, Proprietor. LOGAN, O., Oct. 23 1893.

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher of POLICE GAZETTE. New York City.

I see in the issue of the POLICE GAZETTE, No. 841, that you have the enclosed picture on the fourteenth page.

I wish to say to you that I am not a barber and never was. A barber by the name of Sam S. Green works in J. J. Kinser's shop. He is colored and I am white.

Please announce this in your next issue. Find enclosed ten cents in stamps for a copy containing same.

The cut which you insert is from a photo of myself.

Hoping you will correct the error I remain,

Yours respectfully, HARRY S. GREEN.

Associated Press Rep.

MISS GARLAND KILLS HERSELF.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Miss Daisy Garland, 23 years of age, daughter of ex-Attorney-General Garland, committed suicide at her home in Washington, D. C., recently by shooting herself through the heart with her father's revolver.

Miss Garland lived with her father and brothers in the handsome residence of Mr. Garland, which he had recently purchased, on Rhode Island avenue. On Aug. 10 last she mysteriously disappeared from home, and after the lapse of three days, during which time no news had been received of her, the police were requested to join in the search. This description was then sent out from Police Headquarters:

"Look out for Miss Daisy Garland, aged 23, tall, stout, dark eyes and hair. Wore a dark dress and several diamonds. Carried a small satchel when last seen. She is the daughter of ex-Attorney-General Garland. Notify 915 Rhode Island avenue."

Soon afterwards tidings were received that the young lady was in Baltimore, and Representative John R. Fellows, an old-time Arkansas friend of her father's, went over to that city, accompanied by her brother, and brought her back. The explanation then given was that she had left word with a young lady friend that she intended to visit Baltimore, and by some means this message failed of delivery.

Miss Garland was attractive in person and manners, and was well known and popular in society. For some time she had been suffering from nervous prostration and acute dementia. Her tragic death by her own hand was a great shock to her friends, and, indeed, to all Washington.

A COWARDLY LOVER.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Miss Lottie Jackson, who was calling at the home of Bosworth Morgan, at Ossawatomie, Kan., was shot and instantly killed the other night by James Rainey.

He fired at her through an open window and made his escape in the darkness. The two had been engaged, but the match was broken off and Rainey in a fit of jealous rage swore he would kill the woman.

WON ON THE MIDWAY.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The beauty show on the Midway at the World's Fair, Chicago, now has another matrimonial scalp hanging to its jeweled belt. Tied securely to the end of the aforesaid scalp is Arthur St. Clair Bailey. In her bill for separate maintenance filed in the Circuit Court, Arthur's wife says she has often witnessed, in agonizing shame, the arm of her husband encircling the form of the fair Tyrolean beauty. "Alleged" Tyrolean beauty, the wife calls her, and she consumed Midway beer under the name of Gisella Grossman. Bailey it seems helps manage the beauty show and when he went there his wife, Alice, protested with scalding tears running down her cheeks. She knew that Albert could not withstand the shy glances of the "beauties." For a time Alice stayed home and conducted their store at 533 West Madison street.

But when Arthur didn't come home nights any more she grew suspicious. By doing a little detective work herself she discovered that Gisella and her husband were thick as New Orleans molasses in December. In fact she found that Gisella's room was next to her husband's and that the latter had so darkened the girl's apartments that no eye could peep in.

Being persistent, however, she succeeded in obtaining a view of the defendant, when on his lap in loving embrace sat Gisella. And such kisses and caresses! It made the poor wife think of her honeymoon. Several times she seen these awful things, and then like a sensible woman sought relief in the courts. Neither does Mrs. Bailey propose to allow her spouse full freedom, for instead of suing for divorce she seeks one of those judgments where a man has to put up for his wife's good times and can't marry again. Further than this the wife says her husband owns real estate and is about to sell it and go to California with Gisella. Accordingly a writ of *ne exeat* is prayed to prevent him from leaving the State. The bill also states that the defendant has spent all the profit of the store in buying presents for his love and among them is an expensive diamond ring.

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ATTACKED BY NEGRO BRUTES.



SHE TELLS HER MOTHER ALL.

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the latter part of September he spent his time between his wife and his mistress. One fine day Mathieu heard that his wife had returned, and then French oaths were thick. He sought Weiss with a revolver, but luckily only found Louise. A warrant charging them both with adultery and Weiss with disorderly conduct was sworn out and the pair was arrested. By this time the fickle Louise had made up her mind to take care of No. 1, and begged forgiveness.



NINA WILSON.

A BRIGHT BURLESQUER AND SHAPELY WOMAN, WHO SCINTILLATES IN THE FAY FOSTER COMPANY.



HACKED HER TO PIECES.

JOHN DOUGHERTY, AN AGED FARMER OF WATERVILLE, WASH., MURDERS HIS NEWLY-WEDDED WIFE.



INSULTED THEN MURDERED.

JAMES JENNINGS SHOOTS AND KILLS HIS SISTER-IN-LAW AFTER SHE HAD INDIGNANTLY REPULSED HIS ADVANCES, AT ATLANTA, GA.



ASSAULTED AND KILLED HIS CHILD.

THE TERRIBLE CRIME OF SEBEE DUYEA, AN INHUMAN FATHER WHOM THE CITIZENS AT ALBURG, N. Y., THREATEN TO LYNCH.



LEFT THE WOMAN FOR DEAD.

MRS. HAVILAND BOYCE CHOKED INTO INSENSIBILITY BY ROBBERS ON A FARM NEAR BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

THE WELSH GIRLS LEAVE US

A Flood of Tears Signal their Departure for Home.

BUT THEY'RE A MERRY LOT

They Celebrate their Last Night in a Hilarious Manner.

HIGH KICKING AND WINE.

The Welsh singing girls who have been touring through this country, have gone home. A great crowd saw them off as they sailed on the steamship Berlin. In their travels through this country those girls had made many friends, who appreciated their freshness and innocent ways; and they on their part, had entered into these new friendships with a sincerity and earnestness which made the parting hard. When they reach their homes they will probably forget many of these acquaintances, but at the moment of parting the thought of the pleasant hours they had spent in strange cities filled their hearts with a deep feeling of regret which could only find expression in tears.

And then Little Gertie Drinkwater crying in the hotel because the elevator boy cried: three young men traveling all the way from Pittsburgh to say good-by to Nellie Griffith; Major Pond swallowing lumps in his throat because the girls were going away; Ida Josty telling awful secrets in order that she might not cry.

On Monday they celebrated their last night at the Hotel St. George, Brooklyn, N. Y. After returning from Chickering Hall, where they gave a concert, they had a delightful supper. At midnight Mrs. Clara Davies, the leader, said:

"Now, my dears, it is time for you all to go to bed. You have a great deal to do to-morrow and you had better rest."

So they all went to their rooms, and in two minutes not a girl was to be seen. When all had become quiet in the hotel, however, several doors opened softly and gentle footsteps could be heard patter along the corridors. The girls were going to one another's rooms, according to previous arrangement, to sit up through the night.

In Dottie Prosser's room on the seventh floor there was a hilarious gathering. Eight girls were seated about the room, some on the bed, some on the trunks, some on the floor, some everywhere excepting on chairs, singing the "March of the Men of Harlech." And as the sound rolled forth, the girls in other rooms took it up, until all the hotel resounded with the powerful strains of that famous Welsh air.

Suddenly the door flew open, and one of the girls—the youngest in the party—flew in and cried, all in one breath:

"Oh, girls, I must tell you I can't keep it to myself! It's no use! But don't tell a soul. Oh, I can't keep still! They told me not to tell, but, oh! you won't say anything about it; I know you won't. We've had champagne."

"Who had champagne?" one of the girls asked.

"Oh, half a dozen of us. A gentleman sent it up to our room, and the boy said it was for Mr. Browne; and he made a mistake, because there was no Mr. Browne in our room. But Beattie said, 'It's all right,' and opened the bottle, and then we all had a glass."

"For goodness' sake, child! Has the wine gone to your head?" Miss Prosser asked. The girl tossed her head indignantly.

"If you please, Miss Prosser, I've had champagne before."

The girls burst out laughing, and the young champagne drinker tried to look dignified. All at once they heard a loud crash on the floor above them, and the next moment they heard the rattle of glass upon the pavement.

"Oo-o-o-oh!" cried the young girl, running out of the room. "That's in our room."

Then everything became quiet, and through the open doorway they heard the clerk down stairs cry to a hall boy:

"Go up and tell those girls not to make such a noise."

"Isn't it terrible!" they whispered to one another.

They closed the door softly and listened breathlessly to what was to follow. They heard a hall boy knock at a door on the floor above and say something in a low voice. Then they heard in indignant tones:

"Tell that clerk to mind his own business. We were all asleep."

Then the door was banged shut.

"It's Ida Josty!" they whispered. "I wonder what it was?"

After the boy had gone down stairs, they went up in a body to the room above. They found four girls rolling on the bed, roaring with laughter. A fifth girl was gazing ruefully at a big hole in the window.

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" screamed the laughing ones. "I'll die! It's too funny! Oh! poor Ida!"

And on they laughed as though they would never stop.

"For goodness' sake! what is the matter?"

It was a long time before they could get a clear answer. One of the girls sat up in bed, and with tears of laughter rolling down her cheeks said:

"We were trying to see who could kick the highest, and—oh! I'll die—Ida couldn't kick as high as any of us, and she got mad—and—and she said she could beat all of us if she didn't have her skirts on. And—oh! she took them off—I'm sure I'll have a fit—and she said she could kick the catch in the middle of the window, and I dared her to, because it was higher than her head, and, oh!—I'll die—up flew her foot and smash! went the window. Oh, goodness! Hal hal hal hal!"

The newcomers joined in this new burst of laughter until the remaining window panes rattled.

"Any way," said Ida, making the best of the situation by smiling, "I touched the catch. You couldn't do that."

The next morning she offered to pay for the broken glass, but the clerk, upon learning how the window was broken—for Ida never thought of concealing it—refused to accept the money.

All day Tuesday the girls were busy in their rooms packing and labeling their trunks. In the evening they said good-by to everybody and went to Hascbrouck Institute, in Jersey City, where they gave their last concert. During the leavetakings the elevator boy, whose pockets had been bulging out all day with little packages, gave Gertie Drinkwater a lot of nice presents and then shook hands with her.

"I h-h-hope y-y-you won't g-get s-s-seasick," he said in a choking voice.

Then Gertie saw that tears were rolling down his cheeks, and being a susceptible little girl, she began to cry, too. And when the elevator reached the ground floor Gertie found that she had forgotten something, so the elevator went up again and was gone a long time.

The audience at the concert consisted mostly of young men who had come to see the girls off. After the performance Miss Nellie Griffith ran into the cloak room and cried:

"Oh, girls! Of all the softies! Three gentlemen from Pittsburgh are waiting for me outside. They came all the way here to see me. Isn't it awful?"

"Why, you ought to be proud of it," one of the girls said.

"But I promised to go to the ship with another gentleman."

Then Nellie went outside and explained the situation to the "other gentleman." He looked into her troubled blue eyes and said:

"My dear girl, a man who travels 500 miles to see a girl off, deserves to have her. Don't mind me at all. I'll be very happy to carry your music and see you on board the ship."

And so Nellie walked off between two of the young men from Pittsburgh, while the third carried her wrap. There were fully fifty other young men waiting outside the platform entrance to escort the girls to the ship. When Major J. B. Pond came out not a girl was in sight.

"Well, I declare," he said. "I would never have believed that they would desert me like this."

On board the Berlin a supper was waiting for the girls. The meal was eaten in silence, and when it was over there was a deep silence. And then, all at once

do not deny it. My conduct has worked on my mind until I concluded to make a clean breast of it to my husband. I did so, I then wanted Mr. Reiser to admit our relations to my husband, in order that he might get a divorce. This Mr. Reiser refused to do. He denied everything to my husband. Reiser used to talk to me about running away with him, but of late he had not. I watched for him when he passed up the street one evening. We met on Twenty-fourth street and talked for about thirty minutes. I urged him to go to my husband and make a confession, but he refused point blank to do so. As we were about to separate he again refused to make a confession to my husband. I drew my pistol, which I had in my pocket, and fired one shot in the air in the hope of making him stop. When he did not stop or turn around I fired to strike him. When he fell I placed the weapon at my own head, with the intention of ending my life, and pulled the trigger. I am sorry I did not succeed—no, I am not, either. I am too good a woman to die for such a fiend as he was."

The woman wrote a long letter a few hours before the tragedy, in which she explained that Reiser's influence was the result of mesmeric power, and she could only break the spell by killing him. She is now in jail, but declares that she will yet kill herself.

friends whom he met in the barroom. After taking a couple of drinks, he played billiards with Drs. Henry C. White and C. E. Henry for over an hour, and then went upstairs to his room to prepare for dinner.

He accompanied his wife and mother to the dining room, and after dinner returned with them to the elevator to their rooms on the seventh floor. His nervous and excited manner attracted the attention of some of the guests who accompanied him up stairs. His mother went to her bedroom and Mr. Cook to his chair, and putting his head in his hands muttered:

"This has been a day of defeat, or of success. It has been defeat. I lost, and was defeated. All is lost."

Mrs. Cook tried to soothe her husband, and when he drew a brand-new 38 calibre revolver from his pocket and threatened to kill himself, she said playfully:

"Oh! Cooke, you haven't got the nerve."

Mr. Cook instantly sprang from the chair, and, placing the revolver close to the right side of his head, fired two shots in rapid succession. With the discharge of the second shot, which took effect, the bullet passing into the head through the right ear, Mr. Cook fell to the floor. Rolling over on his side, he lay with his feet almost touching the door.

Mrs. Cook ran into the corridor screaming, and fell into the arms of Lawyer Barnett, who, with several other excited guests were hurrying to the room. Mrs. Cook struggled hard to make her way back to the room, and was with much difficulty restrained by Mr. Barnett.

LEFT THE WOMAN FOR DEAD.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Mrs. Haviland Boyce, Jr., was brutally assaulted by some one the other night and found unconscious near her doorstep. The Boyces live on the farm of Albert Van Scy, near Bridgeport, Conn. All the male members of the family were away with the exception of Albert Van Scy, who is an old man. About 6 o'clock he went to the barn some distance away, to attend to the cattle. He left Mrs. Boyce in about half an hour he found her lying in a large tub of water near the house, her head hanging over the side of the tub. He tried to arouse her but could not.

Neighbors were summoned and the woman was carried into the house. Inside everything was in confusion. Every room in the house had been entered and looted and everything of value carried away. Among the missing articles are several rings, watches, a large quantity of silverware and some furniture and clothing. Dr. Boynton was called and for several hours worked to restore the woman to consciousness. The wounds on her body show that a knife had been used by the robbers, and finger prints on her neck show that she had been choked into insensibility and evidently thrown into the water and left for dead. In her delirium Mrs. Boyce keeps grasping at her throat and constantly implores some one not to stab her any more. There is no clue to the robbers. None of the neighbors saw any suspicious persons in that locality.

NINA WILSON.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Our theatrical page this week presents a splendid portrait of Nina Wilson, one of the shining lights of the Fay Foster Company. Miss Wilson is a talented singer and graceful dancer.

L. W. NEWMAN.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

L. W. Newman, the subject of this sketch, is the most popular bartender in Harrisonburg, Va. He has worked at his trade from the Atlantic to the Pacific and his friends are legion. At present he smiles from behind the Revere House bar.

HACKED HER TO PIECES.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

John Dougherty, a farmer aged sixty, hacked his wife to death with a butcher-knife at their home near Waterville, Wash., recently. The woman was mutilated beyond recognition, and her body concealed under some straw.

The murderer was discovered in a vacant house, dying from exposure and hunger. He has made a full confession. He says his wife poisoned him tea and threatened to drown on his grave. About a year ago he inserted an advertisement in a Chicago paper, and the murdered woman, who was then Mrs. Mary E. Phillips, of Cedar Rapids, Ia., made answer. They corresponded and she came on and married him. They quarreled continuously.

FRANK W. HARRIS.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

The subject of this sketch, Frank W. Harris, of Freeport, Ill., is a well-known baseball player and general sport. He is proprietor of one of the finest saloons in the northwest.

INSULTED THEN MURDERED.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

James Jennings shot and almost instantly killed his sister-in-law, Mrs. Mary Campbell, at Atlanta, Ga., recently. Jennings was at the house during the absence of her husband and made an improper proposal to Mrs. Campbell. The woman threatened to tell her husband on his return and Jennings shot her. He has not yet been arrested.

PRETTY GIRLS BARE THEIR ARMS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Doctors from the New York Health Department, armed with split quills of virus, invaded several of the large retail dry goods stores recently, and vaccinated several hundred pretty girls.

The girls pouted and vowed they would not be vaccinated and there was imminent danger of a walk out until all were assured that it was not compulsory for any one to undergo inoculation. Then the girls bared their plump arms and permitted the doctors to do their work.

World Notorious "Monte Carlo." No. 156 Fox's Sensational Series. A true history of this greatest of all gambling holes. Fully Illustrated. Price, 10 cents. RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.

THE WELSH SINGING GIRLS HAVE A MERRY TIME.



everybody became aware that little Gertie Drinkwater was sobbing gently, and every eye became moist.

"Don't cry, sweetheart," one of the girls said, drawing Gertie upon her shoulder.

"I'm—I'm—I'm so sorry," Gertie sobbed. "They've been so kind, so good to us. I can't help crying."

In a few moments all were weeping—the young men and the girls—and Major Pond, clearing his throat, furiously exclaimed:

"Bless my heart, girls! Bless my heart! But this will never do. No, girls. It—will—really—never—do. Go on deck, all of you, and get some air. You really need it."

The girls went on deck, each with her escort, and walked up and down the ship. But they were all very quiet and tearful, and at every suggestion of parting they began to cry. Not one of them could exactly define her feelings. They were all glad to be going home, but oh! they were so sorry to be leaving. All night long they remained on deck, taking silent farewell of their friends. And when the sky began to clear and the new day crept over the horizon, the sorrow in their hearts overflowed and they wept long and bitterly.

And when the ship sailed out into the mist, these tearful maidens stood at the stern, feebly waving their hands to a tearful group of young men on the pier.

A MARRIED WOMAN KILLS HER LOVER.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Mrs. Ella Rudiger, a society woman, walked up to Henry J. Reiser on a busy thoroughfare of South Omaha, Neb., the other evening and fired a bullet through his brain and followed the murder by an effort at self-destruction. Reiser was a single man and a member of a number of popular Omaha social clubs. He was connected with the management of John Cudahy's packing interests in Omaha. Mrs. Rudiger is the wife of an Omaha resident, who is also connected with the Cudahy interests. She talked freely of what she had done, and continually asked:

"Is he dead yet? Yes, I shot to kill. It was for my husband to do, but he would not, and so I did it myself. The wretch has given me enough cause, and I hope I have accomplished what I undertook. I have known Mr. Reiser for about two years, but intimately for only about one year. I loved the man at first, and

lots of fun with the Magic Money Marker. the greatest novelty of the age. Keeps everybody guessing. By mail, 25 cents; by express, 25 cents. Sent to any address on receipt of price, by RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.

he took them off—I'm sure I'll have a fit—and she said she could beat all of us if she didn't have her skirts on. And—oh! she took them off—I'm sure I'll have a fit—and she said she could kick the catch in the middle of the window, and I dared her to, because it was higher than her head, and, oh!—I'll die—up flew her foot and smash! went the window. Oh, goodness! Hal hal hal hal!"

The newcomers joined in this new burst of laughter until the remaining window panes rattled.

"Any way," said Ida, making the best of the situation by smiling, "I touched the catch. You couldn't do that."

The next morning she offered to pay for the broken glass, but the clerk, upon learning how the window was broken—for Ida never thought of concealing it—refused to accept the money.

All day Tuesday the girls were busy in their rooms packing and labeling their trunks. In the evening they said good-by to everybody and went to Hascbrouck Institute, in Jersey City, where they gave their last concert. During the leavetakings the elevator boy, whose pockets had been bulging out all day with little packages, gave Gertie Drinkwater a lot of nice presents and then shook hands with her.

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'NOT NAUGHTY, BUT NICE.'

A Feature in Black Tights Shocks Westfield, N. J.

ATHLETIC CLUB'S 'SMOKER.'

A Skirt Dance with Very Little Skirt Causes a Howl.

BUT THE BOYS ENJOYED IT.

There were very few young men at the Baptist church social in Westfield, N. J., the other night. Most of them—and a large number of the older men, too—were witnessing a skirt dance at the Westfield Athletic Club, two doors further down the street, where a "smoker" was going on.

The skirt dance was performed by a shapely young woman imported from New York for the purpose, and if the reception she got from her suburban audience is to be counted for anything, the members and guests of the club were very much pleased with her efforts.

This is the first time that anything of the kind has happened in this staid little New Jersey village, and the probabilities are that the club will not hear the last of it for a year at least.

The athletic club is a reputable organization and has a fine frame club house situated on the principal street. About a week ago the Entertainment Committee decided to give a "smoker," which is an entertainment on the variety show plan, and after the programme had been determined upon the following notices were sent out:

"You are cordially invited to attend a smoker, to be held in the W. A. C. Hall, Friday evening, Oct. 27. Features not 'naughty,' but nice, neat, new and novel will be introduced. Fun to commence at say, 8:15. W. A. C. ENTERTAINMENT COMMITTEE."

Nobody understood exactly what idea the committee intended to convey, and as a result almost every able-bodied man in the community who received one of these notices signified his intention of attending the smoker.

The wives of some members saw the cards and began asking questions. They wanted to know if there had been anything naughty at the previous entertainments, and the husbands had to laugh and say that this "naughty" business was only a joke.

But a good many wives and sisters did not see the joke and kept on asking questions. Some said positively that their husbands or brothers should stay at home Friday night.

It was raining hard in Westfield on the night of the performance, but everybody who had been asked rolled up his trousers and started for the athletic club. The men slipped past the Baptist church where the social was going on, on tiptoe, and made a dive into the club house, which was brilliantly lighted at every window. The place was crowded. The members stood around in groups and pulled their moustaches in a nervous way, every now and then asking some one if he knew what was to be on the programme.

It had been given out that the fun was to begin at 8:15, but the performance did not start until 9 o'clock. By that time the hall where the entertainment was to take place was packed with men, and there were a lot of boys in the gallery.

There was a look of expectation on every man's face, and the boys leaned over the rail of the gallery in attitudes that were marvels of gaiety. It was said that among the spectators were some pillars of the church and many of the solid citizens of Westfield.

The performance began in a very sedate way with a dissertation on nothing by Mickey Finn. He was followed by another man who spoke on an equally important subject, and then some one played the piano while a young man with a blond moustache sang a song the chorus of which was:

After the smoker's over,
After taking a horn—
After Codding's election;
After the new club's born,
Many heads will be aching,
Many hats feel so small;
Many hands will be shaking
After it all.

The men by this time began to think there really was not going to be anything "naughty" after all, and a look of disappointment stole over the faces of a few. This was soon dispelled when Mr. A. A. Drake, with Pefferian whiskers, climbed up on the stage with a look in his eyes and said that he wanted to introduce to those present an old friend of theirs from a certain concert hall in New York.

As soon as he had said this there bounced on to the stage a blond-haired young woman, clad entirely in black—that is, all of her that was clad was in black. She wore a very low-cut waist, with ribbons to hold it over her shoulders, and on her arms were long black gloves.

Her skirt could not impede the action of her knees, because it was of gauze and stuck out almost straight

all the way around. Her well-formed legs were encased in tightly drawn and almost transparent black silk stockings.

As soon as the storm of applause which greeted her entrance had died away the dancer kissed her hands to everyone and then started in to sing. It is safe to say that not a man there heard a word of the first verse. Every one was excitedly whispering to his neighbor, and punching the man in front of him, and saying how the town would howl when the news of the skirt dance got out. But the girl sang right along something about

I dance the cancan de Paris,
And I can speak French, ouï, ouï.

And she illustrated the lines of her song by aiming her toes at the lights overhead. When she had finished there was another thunder of applause, and the men in the back seats stood up and howled for more.

The pillars of the church looked embarrassed, but they were there and of course they could not go out. One man pulled down the window shades on the side of the hall toward the Baptist Church, where the social was going on.

Then the skirt dancer started in again. She scored a second success, and was kept dancing until she had to stop out of sheer weariness. When she had disappeared behind the wings for good, he of the Pefferian whiskers got up from his front row seat and walked to the door that leads back of the scene. There was such a howl that he had to resume his chair. Then Mickey Finn got up and said he must go over to the Baptist Church and give them a little entertainment, too. It was raining very hard when he started, and he was as dry as a chip when he came back half an hour later. One man asked if there was a back staircase leading to the stage.

The skirt dancer appeared again before the performance ended, and her success was as brilliant and boisterous as the first time. A few men yelled "Higher," but otherwise the proceedings were orderly.

It was not till late that the good young men of Westfield went out into the storm to return to their homes. They sat around those club rooms talk-

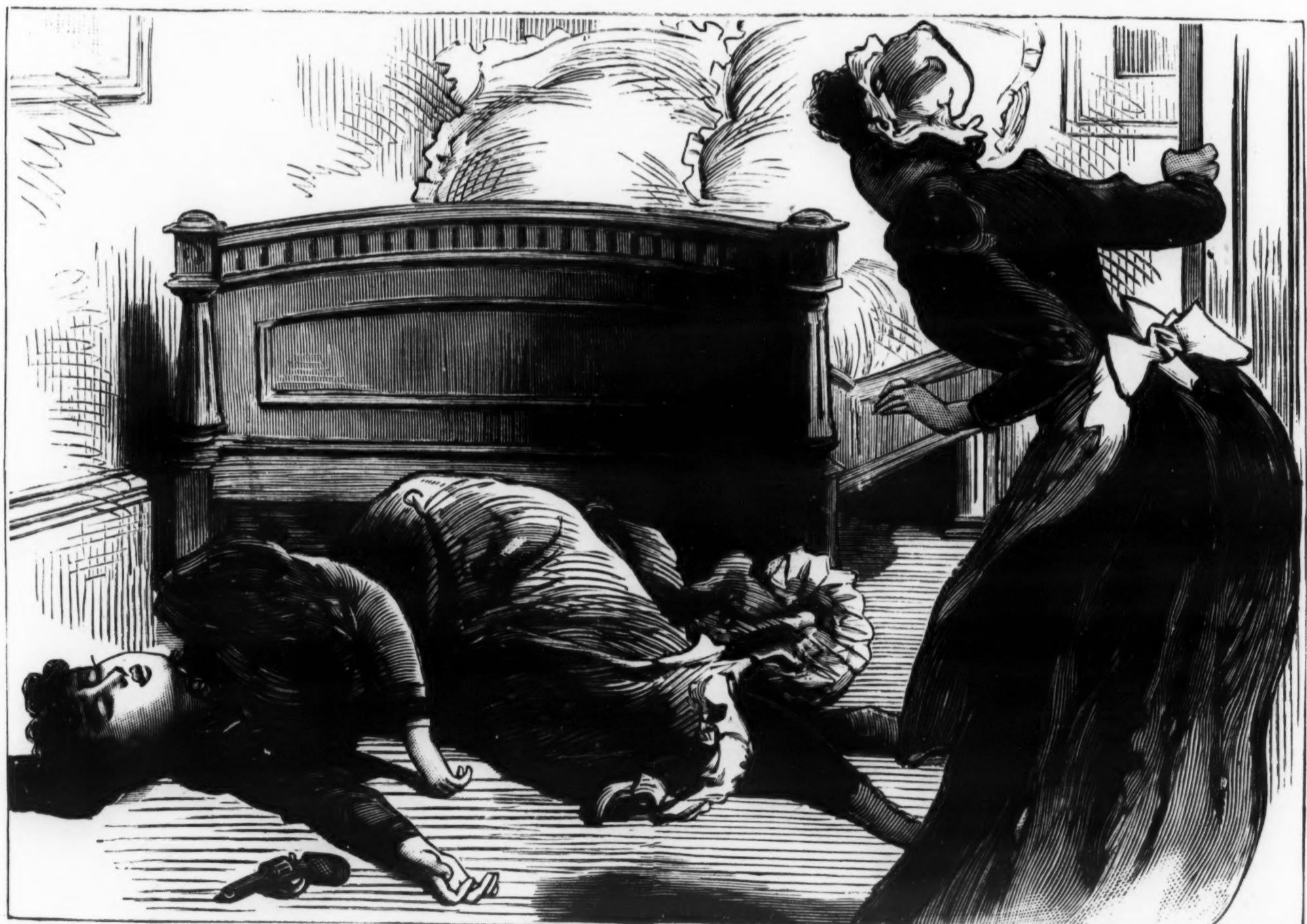
ing and laughing, and the girls were the life of the party.

The next day the social was over, and the girls were the life of the party.



A NEGRO'S TERRIBLE CRIME.

HE FIENDISHLY ASSAULTS A WHITE WOMAN IN ORLANDO, FLA., AND THEN SETS FIRE TO HER.



MISS GARLAND KILLS HERSELF.

THE TRAGIC DEATH OF THE DAUGHTER OF EX-ATTORNEY GENERAL GARLAND IN WASHINGTON, D. C.



A MARRIED WOMAN KILLS HER LOVER.

MRS. ELLA RUDIGER, A BEAUTIFUL OMAHA, NEB., WOMAN SHOOTS DOWN HENRY J. REISER, HER PARAMOUR, ON THE STREET, AND THEN ATTEMPTS SUICIDE.

SPORTING NEWS AND NOTES.

"A MODERN SIREN,"
LATEST ISSUE OF
FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES

Complete List Upon Sale:

No. 1. Baccarat. No. 10. Unfaithful Wife. No. 21. Fate of a Libertine. No. 11. Ruined by a Faithless Woman. No. 4. Devil's Compact. No. 12. A She Devil. No. 5. Pauline's Caprice. No. 13. Mistress or Wife? No. 6. A Guilty Love. No. 14. A Fatal Sin. No. 7. The Domine Monde of Paris. No. 8. Love's Sacrifice. No. 15. A Parisian Sultan. No. 9. Woman—Her Lover. No. 16. A Ruling Passion. No. 17. A Modern Siren.

Any of the above Sensitively Illustrated Novels sent to any address securely wrapped on receipt of price, 50 cents each.

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher.

The following cables were received at the POLICE GAZETTE office during the week:

LONDON, Oct. 31, 1893.

RICHARD K. FOX—Dave St. John, the champion of Wales, who recently challenged any man in Eng and to fight for £200, will be matched to fight Jim Smith, the champion of England, who has agreed to fight the Welsh champion according to the London prize ring rules in France for £500 or £1,000 a side. Morgan Crowther, the feather-weight champion of Plymouth, has challenged Merrin to fight for £200 a side. Crowther's friends claim his defeat by Merrin was owing to lack of condition. It is reported that the reason the National Sporting Club refused to give a purse for Corbett and Mitchell to contend for, is owing to several of the leading members of the club having an antipathy to Mitchell.

LONDON, Nov. 2, 1893.

RICHARD K. FOX—Billy Morris, the 7 stone 12 pound champion of England, has issued a challenge to fight any man in America at 7 stone 12 pounds, for £200 a side, the largest purse and the champion hip. Morris agrees to fight in the National Club, and will allow expenses to any one accepting the challenge or fight in America if expenses are allowed. He will agree upon either the Sporting Life, London, or the POLICE GAZETTE being final stakeholders.

LONDON, Nov. 3, 1893.

POLICE GAZETTE, NEW YORK:—W. R. Williams, Proprietor of the Bellingrove Club, offers a purse of £1,000 for contest between Jack Dempsey and Dick Burge at 145 pounds. There is no truth in reports that Mitchell is interested in Bellingrove Club. Corbett can have substantial guarantee of fair play for match with Mitchell. No objection to American referee.

ATKINSON, Sporting Life.

Peter Maher knocked out Nick Burly and Tom Johnson in a round each in San Francisco.

Eugene Hornbacher says that nothing would please him better than a go with Jerry Barnes to a finish, at 18 pounds.

The New York Baseball Club has purchased the release of Pitcher Dad Clark, of the Erie Eastern League Club for \$500.

Frank Kaveny and Billy Curtis have been matched to spar again on Nov. 9. They met before and Kaveny won in three rounds.

Recently James Feast defeated Joseph Casey in a catch-as-catch-can wrestling match on the fair grounds in Lowell, Mass., for a purse of \$50.

George Corfield, the English featherweight, has won four battles within twelve months without a defeat. He must be a first-class youngster.

The contest between Peter Maher and Joe McAuliffe, which took place at San Francisco, was declared a draw. Only four rounds were fought.

Tom Tracy, the Australian welterweight, has covered Dick Burge's forfeit, and agrees to fight him in the National Club in London, for \$2,000 a side.

The Chicago Athletic Club, the new swell organization of the Windy City, offers a purse of \$1,000 for a six-round bout between Jack Dempsey and Tom Ryan.

"Young" Griffo, the Australian featherweight, is discouraged at not being able to get on a match in this country, and he proposes to start for home in a few days.

Trinity College and University of North Carolina played a game of football for the State championship at Richmond, Va., recently. Trinity won by a score of 6 to 4.

Warren Lewis says that Billy Smith has authorized him to make a match with Jack McAuliffe. This he refuses to do, because he says McAuliffe and himself are friends.

Jerry Marshall, the colored featherweight, who came from Australia recently, had a bout in San Francisco the other night, and he showed himself a very clever and tricky fighter.

Jack Welsh, of Philadelphia, denies that he offered to fight Steve O'Donnell. Welsh says: "I have had my day in the prize ring, and my business is paying too well for me to fight."

Uhly Heyman, who has managed the Rupper stable this season, will sever his connection with the stable shortly and will branch out as a full-fledged owner for himself next season.

A special dispatch to the POLICE GAZETTE from Boston, Mass., states that Frederick C. Graves rode on a bicycle from Boston to Springfield and return, 20 miles, in 17 hours 25 minutes.

George Godfrey and Steve O'Donnell are busily training for their coming encounter before the Metropole Club of Providence on Nov. 8. O'Donnell has agreed to stop Godfrey in six rounds.

Gorman, of Cleveland, and Billy Murphy, the Australian welter-weight, will fight near East Liverpool, O. The articles are for a purse of \$1,000, and a side bet of \$2,000, some day between Nov. 1 and 10.

At Albany, N. Y., recently, the game between the Cornell and Williams elevens on the Rieffel Oval, resulted in a surprise to the Cornellians, and a score of ten each. There was a paying attendance of about 2,000 people.

H. C. Tyler, at Hampden Park, Springfield, Mass., lowered Zimmerman's year old record of 0:06 for 100 yards, flying start, to 0:05 4-5. He also established a new record of 0:05 4-5 for an eighth of a mile, flying start.

At Princeton, N. J., on October 28, the University Harriers held a cross-country run. An unusually large number entered the race. The trial was laid by Burnett, 94, and Legge, '93. McNeely, '93, was the first man in.

Joe Darby, champion trick jumper of America, has arrived in this country, and he will no doubt create a sensation in his trick jumping feats. Darby says he intends to beat all jumping records before he goes back to England.

Joe Burns, the well-known jockey, was killed at the South Side race track at Knoxville, Tenn., recently. Burns' horse fell when another, ridden by Boyd McDonnell, stumbled over Burns. Burns died instantly and McDonnell was seriously injured.

Billy Smith, the champion welterweight, has given up all hope of getting on a match in this country, and recently he cabled the National Club of London, that he was ready to fight Dick Burge for any stake and purse that was agreeable to him.

In the third race at Exposition Park, at Kansas City, recently, Catton stumbled at the turn and threw Jockey F. Bell, and a hoof of one of the horses struck the unfortunate Jockey's head, fracturing the skull. He is at the hospital, and will probably die.

Prof. William H. Coupe of this city is matched to wrestle Prof. Doyle, of the Baltimore Athletic Club, in three falls, catch-as-catch-can style, for a purse of \$100, at Baltimore, the latter part of November. Doyle will weigh some 20 pounds more than Coupe.

Morgan Crowther and Tommy Merrin, the former of Wales and the latter of Plymouth, fought on Oct. 18 in Devonshire, Eng. Twelve rounds were fought, and to the surprise of the admirers of the Welsh champion, Merrin fought him to a standstill and won.

At Fargo, N. D., Dakota, "Shadow" Maber, the Australian, knocked out Tom Beaver, of Wisconsin, in two rounds before the Fargo Athletic Club. Beaver forced the fight. He was knocked down in the first and in the second was put out by a right on the jaw.

Dick Burge, the pugilist, got a most unpleasant reminder of his late visit to America in an English police court last week. A cable to the POLICE GAZETTE states: "Burge surrendered to the court and paid £40 bail, which he forfeited by going to America, and was then bound over in an additional £40 bond."

At Champaign, Ill., recently, in the trial of the persons who participated in the Chicago Unknown vs. Spud Taylor prize fight, held in an old shed several weeks ago, George Treese, who acted as referee, was found guilty and sentenced to ninety days in the county jail and a fine of \$25 imposed on him.

On Oct. 28, the Crescent football team scored 20 points in the two 35-minute halves against the Union College team of Syracuse, at Eastern Park, Brooklyn, N. Y. Twelve points were made by the Crescents and eight by the Unions in the first half and six in the second. About 1,200 people were present.

Supt. R. L. Fithian, of the Naval Academy at Annapolis, Md., has given his consent to a football game between cadets and West Point cadets, on condition that no time is lost from recitations or studies for the purpose of practice. Saturday, Dec. 3 is the day set for the match, which will be played at Annapolis this year.

The Orange Athletic Club played the Rutgers College at Orange Oval on Oct. 23 and defeated them. Score, 24 to 0. The Orange rush line was heavier than that of the college, which was not in good training and became easily winded. Orange played a good all-around game, while Rutgers made most gains around the ends.

At Boston, Mass., on Oct. 28, Harvard College and Providence engaged in a game of football. The Providence boys narrowly escaped scoring against Harvard. Donavan got the ball on the fifteen yard line at one time owing to Harvard fumbling. The playing of Wriggington was the feature of the day, he making no less than eight touchdowns.

Tom Sullivan, the champion oarsman of New Zealand, has agreed to give George Bubar one minute start over the Thames championship course, for \$200 a side. Bubar, although champion of England, was never considered an aquatic wonder. Wallace Ross some years ago allowed Bubar 22 seconds start over the Thames championship course, and defeated him with ease.

E. A. Williams, who is tramping it from New York to New Orleans sent a special to the POLICE GAZETTE last week to reply to the challenge of McGrath, the featherweight champion of Ireland, who recently issued a challenge to any man in the world at 110 pounds for \$1,000 a side. Kelly left the following challenge:

CHARLEY KELLY, Nov. 1, 1893.

RICHARD K. FOX, Dear Sir:—Having read the challenge in the POLICE GAZETTE of Miss Lotus, of Chicago, Ill., I write to you that I will box Miss Lotus any number of rounds or to a finish at 120 pounds or under for a purse. Please let me know as soon as possible if you can arrange a match between us, I close my letter hoping we will meet in the ring.

Miss Josie La Blanche, 118 Colvin Street.

Among the passengers that arrived on the Umbria last week, were two athletes from Stockholm, Sweden, both strapping big fellows. Oscar Wahland and August Johnson are the names of the new arrivals. November 3 they called at the POLICE GAZETTE office and issued a challenge to lift heavyweights against any man or team of strong men in America. Johnson is 6 feet 2 and weighs 200 pounds, his partner, Wahland, is 6 feet 4 and his weight is 210 pounds. Wahland has a record of lifting 1,725 kilos, about 3,800 pounds dead weight.

Dave St. John, the heavyweight champion of Wales, recently challenged John Smith to fight according to London prize ring rules for \$600 or \$1,000 a side. In reply Smith says he cannot think of going into training for a match for \$1,000 a side, but he is willing to box for from \$8,500 to \$10,000 a side, old style; the contest to take place within four months from signing articles. St. John stands 5 feet 11 inches in height, and weighs 200 pounds trained. He is a clever two-fisted fighter, and in Wales is looked upon as the coming champion.

The following was received at the POLICE GAZETTE office:

ST. PAUL, MINN., Nov. 2, 1893.

RICHARD K. FOX—Harry Comstock, of Duluth, Minn., the champion catch-as-catch-can wrestler of the Northwest, offers to wrestle any man in America catch-as-catch-can, best three in five falls for \$600 or \$1,000 a side. Comstock says any one depositing a forfeit with the POLICE GAZETTE can secure a match. Comstock also offers to back James P. McEvoy, of Brainerd, Minn., to fight any man in America at 150 pounds for \$1,000 a side.

In spite of all the difficulties besetting the arrangements for the Corbett-Mitchell fight it is not improbable that the men may yet meet in the ring. A new athletic club, similar to the Coney Island organization, with substantial backing and brilliant prospects, was launched in Jacksonville, Fla. It has already been christened, and will be known as the Florida Athletic Club. The manager was recently in New York and made arrangements with the POLICE GAZETTE to secure boxers for the club. The Florida club's members will make special arrangements with the railroads to run special trains to Jacksonville from New York at comparatively low rates, and in addition to this extra fast trains will be run in a limit of 35 hours.

At Chicago, Ill., on Oct. 28, Yo Tambein and Lamplighter ran for \$1,000 a side, when the association offered to add \$1,500. The distance was made one mile and a furlong, instead of one mile and a quarter, both horses to carry 119 pounds. The race was the fourth on the card, and about 8,000 people saw Yo Tambein gallop away from the Gutenberg representative from start to finish. The time, 2:01 1/4, shows what poor condition the track was in. Duggett, who rode the Westerners, went to the front as the flag fell and led by a length and a half to the half, where he let out a link, and, drawing away with ease, won pulling up, by half a dozen lengths. Tambein Lamplighter as hard as he knew how, but could not reach the flying mare. After the race he said that Lamplighter was not within forty pounds of himself and had nothing left when called on.

Charley Kelly, the well-known 110-pound boxer, called at the POLICE GAZETTE office with J. Sullivan last week to reply to the challenge of McGrath, the featherweight champion of Ireland, who recently issued a challenge to any man in the world at 110 pounds for \$1,000 a side. Kelly left the following challenge:

CHARLEY KELLY, Nov. 1, 1893.

RICHARD K. FOX—Seeing that Joe McGrath, who claims to be the feather-weight champion of Ireland, has thrown down the gauntlet to arrange a match to box any man in the world at 110 pounds, I wish to state that if Dave Holland, whom I understand McGrath's backer, will post a forfeit I will cover it and sign articles to box him at 110 pounds for \$600 or \$1,000 a side, or any man in America on the same terms. CHARLEY KELLY.

A despatch from New Orleans says: "Strenuous efforts are to be made to get the Corbett-Mitchell fight off in this city whether the Governor opposes it or not. There is no doubt that he will not allow it to come off if it lies in his power to prevent it, but certain parties in this city have been quietly connecting a scheme which will circumvent the Governor's opposition. Their proposition is to hire a commodious steamboat and move it either up or down the river, which will take them out of the jurisdiction of the State, and let the fight come off in that way. Of course, there will only be room for a limited number of spectators, and they would have to pay high for the privilege, but there would undoubtedly be more applications than could be accommodated. The parties who are engineering this scheme are responsible, but, for obvious reasons, will not allow their names to be used."

The following letter was received at the POLICE GAZETTE office from George McDonald, the well-known manager, trainer and backer of pugilists:

BRIGHTON, Eng., Oct. 30, 1893.

RICHARD K. FOX—I am going to manage a big boxing tournament in Paris, France, in conjunction with Fred Bunn. The tournament will be held in the Circus in Rue St. Honore, the second week in November. Bill Gardner and Wag Ward will fight to a finish, Arthur Valentine and George Johnston will box 10 rounds, and Billy Smith, whom I will match to fight Billy Flinn at 6 stone 3 pounds, will fight 12 rounds with an unknown. I think Paris is the coming city for boxers as Fred Bunn has procured a license to hold finish fights in the above circus for six months. If Billy Flinn wants to arrange a match with Billy Smith he can "be on" for £500 a side, and he can post a deposit with the POLICE GAZETTE, and Smith's money will be posted with the Sporting Life. Yours,

GEORGE MCDONALD.

TO S. SULLIVAN VICTORIOUS.

Tom Sullivan defeated Charley Ingram in the Cypress Club, Denton, Eng'land, on Oct. 18, in fifteen rounds, lasting 46 minutes 20 seconds.

Sullivan resides in Drury Lane, London, the hot bed of old-time pugilism, and is 21 years of age. Although only scaling 7 stone 10 pounds, he stands 5 feet 7 1/2 inches, and is possessed of a wonderfully long reach. Commencing as an amateur he was successful in nearly a score of competitions and then entered the professional ranks, and won two bouts in an 8 stone 2 pound competition at the Albany Club, Holloway, won by Frank Gregor, in 1891. After taking first prize in two similar events held in his own neighborhood, he was matched to fight with Billy Tierney (Sohn), and lost on a foul, in thirteen rounds, Reader's Gymnasium; then at the Pelican Club he in turn met and defeated "Doctor" Bloomfield (seven rounds); Bill Nel (two rounds and a half); G. Grimmins (Sohn); G. Ingram (his present opponent; six rounds); C. Terry (Lambeth); two rounds and a half at N. S. C.; J. Gilby (Sohn) twice in eight and ten rounds respectively; Sam Bashford (lightweight champion of Brighton, ten rounds); Dick James (Old Ford, four rounds). Lost to Charley Tilley in six rounds contest at St. George Hall, and was runner up to Willie Smith (6 stone 3 pound champion) at Central Hall.

Charley Ingram is twenty-one years old and stands 5 feet 7 inches, weighing when in condition a stone 8 pounds. After placing several small affairs to his credit he met and defeated Jack Gray (Sohn) at the Pelican in two rounds, was then beaten by Tim Sullivan in six rounds, and lost in the final of the featherweight champion of Essex and Kent competition to Ted Marsh. Afterward beat the last-named in four rounds. Beaten by Willie Smith in Frank Hinck's Tournament at Central Hall. His last public engagement was with Dave Wallace for £45, at N. S. C., where he suffered defeat in sixteen rounds.

Summary.—Match Race—Stake \$5,000.

Direction (truster), b. c. by Director—Stemwinder, by Venture (Kelly), h. g. by Deceive—Miss Delmore, b. c. by unknown (Andrews),..... 1 1

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WHERE WILL THEY FIGHT?

Corbett and Mitchell Still Undecided About a Meeting.

KANSAS CITY MAKES AN OFFER

It appears to be a conundrum where Charley Mitchell and Jim Corbett will fight. Many believe that the rivals will battle in the Coney Island Athletic club in spite of statements to the contrary. One thing is certain, Mitchell is eager for the fray. He has not placed any barrier in the way of his meeting Corbett since his arrival in America. Mitchell even agreed to fight in the Olympic Club for the \$20,000 purse without making any stipulation about depositing \$10,000. Corbett wanted \$10,000 deposited although the same club paid him his share of \$25,000 when he fought Sullivan. In my opinion the offer of the Olympic Club was a fair one. It is plenty of money for two men to fight for and it means \$10,000 each if they wanted to do the brother act, or as they claim in England to fight a barney. Corbett and Mitchell should have jumped at the opportunity of fighting for the Olympic Club purse, for it is more money than they would have received from the Coney Island Athletic Club on the percentage system.

Now, if Mitchell and Corbett mean business they should accept the offer of the Olympic Club. Assuming, for argument's sake, that Mitchell and Corbett are on the level in considering the proposition of the Olympic Club it is plain that the Englishman is inclined to be more generous than his American rival. Corbett, when informed of the offer from the Crescents City, hastened to send his acceptance, naming a condition which was absurd and preposterous in the light of the probable difficulties the club would have in handling the affair. He stipulates that \$10,000 shall be guaranteed that the club will give the fight without interference. How really absurd that is. Mitchell simply asks that in the event of the contest not being allowed to go on through interference by the authorities the club will pay his training expenses, so that no loss shall fall upon him beyond the loss of time. This proposition the club is disposed to agree to. Even under this arrangement the club will be a heavy loss in case of no fight, and the men will lose nothing. The club appreciates the fact that in the present popular prejudice against pugilism and the Governor's announced purpose to stop the fight if possible, it will be a difficult matter to arrange the affair. They believe, however, that it can be done. The promoters of the scheme think that it would be preposterous to give a \$10,000 guarantee, which might prove to be an incentive to the men to prevent the fight taking place.

In Kansas City, Mo., an effort is being made to raise a purse of \$40,000 for Charley Mitchell and Jim Corbett to fight in that city. The syndicate have made overtures to rent Lemon Bros.' tent. Boxing is allowed in Kansas City when a license is secured and \$200 paid. I have no faith in the Kansas City scheme, and I do not believe either Mitchell or Corbett would take chances of fighting there if \$100,000 was put up, for the Missouri law against pugilism is very warm.

So erratic are the movements made nowadays upon the Coney Island checkers-board that it is difficult for even the members of the athletic club to tell with any degree of certainty what new phase of the Mitchell-Corbett fight controversy the morrow may bring forth. So far as outward appearance goes the situation summed up in a nutshell is that the authorities have announced that a fight shall not take place; the club folks say no fight was intended to take place. The authorities indicate that all negotiations had better end; the club people announce to the hostile opponents that the fight is off. Judge Newton retires from the position of matchmaker, leaving no one of responsibility toicker with the fighters; the latter or their representatives meet in out-of-the-way places and fix up a deal to suit themselves. Negotiations that have only the appearance of weakness and superficiality are opened with clubs in London and New Orleans with a view to getting them to bid for the fight. Over in Brooklyn the subject has been dropped to all intents and purposes and the seekers for political preferment over there are hugging themselves for joy at the thought that their connection with the fighting club will not be used against them for campaign purposes. On the quiet, however, these same people think in a significant way whenever the Mitchell-Corbett affair is mentioned, as much as to say, just wait until election day has passed! The club people are trying to tell the public that it may happen that no more pugilistic affairs of any kind will be permitted to take place at Coney Island, but all the time a large gang of carpenters are at work within the arena where the fights are held, building a tier of new boxes and making such interior alterations as were planned before the arrangements for the big fight were abandoned. Funny, isn't it? For one, I shall want some more substantial proof than has yet been given to convince me that the people who control the affairs of the Coney Island Club have abandoned all idea of holding the contest. It may have been noticed that nobody with authority to do so has yet said that a "boxing contest" would not be held. There is your "little nigger in the fence," look out for him after election day.

John Roberts, the English champion billiardist, has gone back to his home with a more elevated opinion of the quality of our American exports than he had when he landed here. After his experience with young Ives and De Oro he doubtless realizes that he doesn't know all there is to be known about pushing the ivory spheres. If his visit has not been one of marked success in an artistic sense, he must feel elated over the treatment which was accorded him during his brief sojourn. He proved himself to be a fair-minded sportsman, and the impression he made upon the sporting gentry in every city that he visited was of the enduring kind. Our experts went out of their way to be hospitable. George Slosson, De Oro and Maurice Daly particularly. Slosson and Daly have enjoyed the Britishers' hospitality abroad, but the Cuban expert has yet to do so, but his late opponent assures him a hearty welcome when he crosses the pond next season, as he intends to do.

I see that Dick Burge and Sammy Blakelock and Nobby Clark have arrived safe back in their native land after an extensive trip to this country. We also learn by a cable to the New York *Herald* that Burge and Blakelock fairly roast Americans and Gus Tuthill. Jack Dempsey's boxer, and the Coney Island Club and all hands round. I never have any axes to grind but I must admit that Dick Burge was treated unfairly by those he was to do business with, but you can not condemn a whole flock of sheep because there is a black one among them. In these columns it was clearly shown Burge leaped before he leaped by coming to this country on a wild goose chase. After Burge came here he could have made money, but a Boston sporting man held a cast iron contract and Burge could not give a show unless the Boston man got a big share. Another mistake Burge made was in refusing to fight Billy Smith and Tom Tracy, who offered to arrange a match with him while he was in America. Burge claimed he came to fight Dempsey and when the latter refused to fight he would fight no one. Burge was not to blame in the Dempsey fracas, his \$2,000 was posted and he was ready to fight, but there was no one to fight him, for Dempsey never had any idea of fighting Burge unless a big purse was offered and no club offered a purse as claimed.

In Boston, Mass., there is a project on foot between the Metropole, Lafayette and Camden Club to form a combine to protect each other in making matches. The Cribb Club will probably go into it, too. This is the result of Catteneau and Wilson quitting the Lafayette for the Metropole. The clubs will keep each other informed when they are negotiating with any fighter and no fighter who is in consultation with one club will be given a chance to do business with another club until he gets through with the first one. The clubs are merely protecting themselves, as fighters have a habit of accepting an offer

from one club, then going to another and having the offer increased, throw aside the first offer without notifying the club in any way. In this manner on some occasions it has been hard to fill out a programme that had become disarranged on the boxers' account.

Charley Mitchell claims that Squire Abingdon has left him \$15,000, and that Teddy Bayley and William Monks, Abingdon's private secretary and valet, would receive \$6,000 each. Mitchell says he does not know whether this news will hasten his departure to England. "One thing you may rest assured, however," Mitchell added, "and that is it will not deter me from fighting Corbett. A million dollars would not compensate me if I should fall to keep my word and not meet Corbett." Mitchell declares that win or lose with Corbett, he intends to make his home in this country. He proposes to make a book at one of the tracks here in the near future.

Billy Plummer will have a first-class opportunity of arranging a match with Billy Morris, an English featherweight, if he desires, for Morris' boxer has authorized him to issue a challenge to fight any man in England or America at 110 pounds for \$1,000 a side and the largest purse. Morris agrees to box in the National Sporting Club in London, or in any club in America, give or take expenses. Plummer has first class backers with plenty of "the ready," and he should lose no time in clinching the argument by putting up a deposit and agreeing to meet Morris. I do not think there is any boxer Plummer's weight in the world able to defeat him, no matter where he hails from, for he is a wonder at his weight.

A novel contest will be decided this month which will no doubt create considerable interest among the cannoneers. John Holtom, who enjoys the title of champion cannoneer catcher of the world, and C. P. Platt, are to engage in a cannoneer catching contest for the championship. Platt's cannon will be used for catching with two hands and Holtom's cannon will be used for catching with one hand. Each will have six trials and the contestant making the greatest number of misses will lose. Platt has a host of admirers who believe he can defeat Holtom, but the latter has more than a dozen backers who will bet heavily that he will win.

REFFEREE

SOME INTERESTING GLOVE CONTESTS.

There was capital glove fighting at the New York Athletic Club, New York, on Oct. 28.

The programme offered consisted of six bouts, and they were of an extremely interesting character. Maxey E. Moore was referee. Ed Kearney and Benny Williams judges, and Bob Stoll and J. H. Abberlin timers.

Mike Harris of New York and Jim Burge of Australia opened the programme. They fought at catch weights, six rounds that were full of hot work from start to finish. The honors were pretty even for the first round. In the next round Harris fought his man all over the ring, but the following rounds were of little importance. In the fourth round Harris landed one or two heavy blows. The judges disagreed, and the referee gave the bout to Harris.

Jack Keenan of Buffalo and Marion Wilson of Indiana (colored), two 120-pound men, came next. The two rushed at each other the minute time was called, and it was smash smash smash! with science thrown to the wind. In the second round Keenan caught his man in the jaw and floored him, and four times after this he knocked the colored lad down. Wilson was game, and he returned the charge each time. He had a shade the best of the fourth and fifth rounds, but a damage was done on either side in the sixth or seventh rounds. In the last round Keenan made a spurt and did the best work. The judges disagreed and the referee gave the fight to Wilson.

Tommy Kelly, the Harlem Spider, and Maxey Haugh, six rounds at 112 pounds, were next.

The first round was very pretty, Kelly doing most of the work, and he cleverly jaybed Haugh three times. The second round was tame. The third was also tame; but in the fourth Kelly three times landed on Haugh's jaw heavily. Kelly had all the best of fifth round, dancing his man all over the ring. The last round Kelly hit his man good and hard, and three times landed on his stomach. The judges gave the bout to Kelly.

Billy Peterson of Philadelphia, and Walter C. Edgerton, the "Knockout Rosebud" (colored), came on next; the latter was very awkward, and Peterson had considerable trouble in finishing his man. The boys went at each other in the second round and fought like wild men, and they kept the spectators howling with joy all the time. Edgerton got in three red-hot right-handers on the ribs during the third and fourth rounds. The remaining rounds were rather one-sided and the judges gave the bout to the colored lad.

Dixon the Champion! Greatest Featherweight Boxer Living! Read his wonderful record, published in "The Lives of the Colored Champions." Price, sent by mail to any address, 25 cents. Address this office.

MORRIS GAVE UP THE FIGHT.

Arthur Morris and Ned Bryant fought in London, England, on Oct. 19, for a purse.

All Goodson, Garry Ward and Ted Alty seconded Bryant, and Al Morris, Glaser Stewart and Jack Gleason administered to the wants of Morris.

ROUND 1.—Morris much taller, and in better condition, a long feint and Bryant tried to cross his man with his right, but missed. Soon Ted got Morris in the far corner, and paid him with right and left. He repeated it again and again, and Morris skipped round. Occasionally Arthur got his left on the flat, and seemed rather chary about chancing himself. Bryant's reputation acting as a deterrent.

ROUND 2.—Morris made good use of right and left, but had the worst of ripples. When it came to infighting Bryant at first had matters all his own way, but subsequently Morris got up his work, and Ted often fell. When he rose it was with great difficulty that he maintained his equilibrium, but Morris in his anxiety missed with right and left, and after several exciting skirmishes Bryant managed to eke out time.

ROUND 3.—They drove the left fist upon the dial and now ensued a scene of great commotion. Bryant was manifestly weak, and he tottered beneath the weight of Morris' rashes. Still, as before, he managed to stave off Morris after falling several times, the business being hot and strong, and a deal of feeling thrown into the contest by the spectators, who at times were positively frantic. Towards the end Bryant reeled about the ring, and Morris did not know enough of the game to finish him, and was generous to a fault, and many of them.

ROUND 4.—Morris decidedly stronger, and Bryant in a queer like demona. He, however, wonderfully recuperated, and they fought like demons. Ted fell time after time, and Morris lost many a golden opportunity. It was savage work, but Morris seemed none too anxious to step in close, and darby his man. This would have won him the contest, as Bryant was extremely weak, but never lost heart, and succeeded in boxing out time, which was with difficulty heard amid the babel of voices and general confusion.

ROUND 5 and last.—Morris started well and made an effort to get his right across, but failed. Bryant now hustled up Morris and fought him all over the ring. He had by far the best of the ripples, and in each corner of the ring baited Arthur until the latter ceased boxing, and held out his hand. Then he commenced again, and Bryant outfought him at all points, whereupon the round ceased. The referee now crossed over to Morris and asked him if he wished to continue, but was answered in the negative, and requested his gloves to be taken off. Bryant was therefore declared the winner.

Big Jack Gray, of Harlem, called at the POLICE GAZETTE office and issued a challenge to Con Coughlin, the Irish Giant. Gray offers to fight Coughlin to a finish either in public or private for a stake of \$600 a side.

You Should Have the Five Great Sporting hand books. "Cocker's Guide," "Dox Pit," "Hartnett's Guide," "Card Player" and "Police Gazette Standard Sporting Rules." Mailed to any address on receipt of 25 cents for each book. All illustrated. Address RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

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THREE GRADES - - SPECIAL MAKE! POLICE GAZETTE STANDARD BOXING GLOVES

CHAMPION—Tan or Brown Kid, Two, Four, Five, Six and Eight Ounce. Price, Per Set of Four, \$7.50.

EXHIBITION—White or Brown Kid, Six and Eight Ounce. Price, Per Set of Four, \$6.00.

AMATEUR—White Kid Only, Six and Eight Ounce. Price, Per Set of Four, \$4.00.

The Best Made and Finest Glove in the Market.

Made from the best quality Kid and studded with the finest grade of curled hair. Every glove absolutely perfect. No gloves sent C. O. D. Cash must accompany all orders. Address

RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.

R. J. Toldeo, Q.—No

A. B.—B is correct.

S. W., Paterson, N. J.—No.

J. A. F., Medina, N. Y.—Yes.

R. J., New York City.—A wins.

NIAGARA, Niagara Falls.—B wins.

W. F., Bridgeport, Conn.—A wins.

W. J., Jersey City.—Boston, Mass.

READER, New York.—B is correct.

READER, Harrisville, R. I.—In 1876.

W. H. I., Washington, D. C.—A loses.

J. H. S., Mt. Vernon, N. Y.—Neither win.

T. A. R., Brooklyn.—Not that we are aware of.

S. W., Altoona, Pa.—Fixes are high and B wins.

G. C. G., Menomonee, Wis.—1. It is a matter of opinion. 2. No.

J. H. B., Audenried, Pa.—Send a cabinet photo, we cannot use tin types.

C. A. B., Syracuse, N. Y.—James Merry died in London, Eng., Feb. 4, 1877.

W. C., Boston, Mass.—Charley Mitchell will be 22 years of age on Nov. 24 next.

H. E. M., Ellensburg, Wash.—Johnny Van Heest defeated Tommy Warren.

A. J., New Brunswick, N. J.—Bill Lang, the crow catcher, was in this country.

M. H. C., Chippewa Falls.—1. Paddy Ryan beat Joe Goss on June 1, 1880. 2. No.

C. F. C., Dushville, Mich.—The double Nelson is the strangest hold, and it is barged.

W. J., Harrisburg, Pa.—Sullivan only fought Charley Mitchell with bare knuckles once.

A. O. N., New York.—Brighton Beach race course opened at Coney Island on June 25, 1879.

W. C., Hartford, Conn.—McCoole and Joe Coburn only fought once, when Coburn won.

M. C., Boston, Mass.—Kit Burns, the sporting man, died in New York on December 19, 1879.

R. P., Boston, Mass.—Steve Brodie jumped from the Brooklyn Bridge, New York, July 23, 1888.

R. E.—Send 10 cents and we will forward you a POLICE GAZETTE with report of the race.

E. A. F., New York—Frank P. Savin was the winner. The referee was Jerry Dunn, of New York.

W. O., Philadelphia, Pa.—Golden Maid retired from the trotting turf on Oct. 20, 1877. 2. Wins.

R. W., Jamestown, N. Y.—We have not Edwin Bibby's address.

He is living in Fall River, Mass.

F. M. H., Fort Hancock, Texas.—1. We cannot advise you on the subject. 2. Apply to some theatrical manager.

R. S., San Francisco, Cal.—Tom Davis was fatally shot by James T. Holland on Aug. 21, 1885, in New York City.

S. J., Baltimore, Md.—John Macie first came to America in September, 1872, 16 years old. He fought Tom Allen in 1870.

G. P., Wilsonville, Neb.—It is a matter of opinion. In tossing generally it is specified which side shall be head or tail.

T. E., St. Paul, Minn.—Sam Patch lost his life in jumping from the Genesee Falls, Rochester, N. Y., on Nov. 12, 1829.

P. A., Salt Lake City, Utah.—Hugh Gurner, maker of spurs for fighting cocks, died in New York City in July, 1889.

A. C. W., Chillicothe, Ill.—It was on July 1, 1875, that the celebrated race horse Lexington died, at Woodburn S. and Farm, Ky.

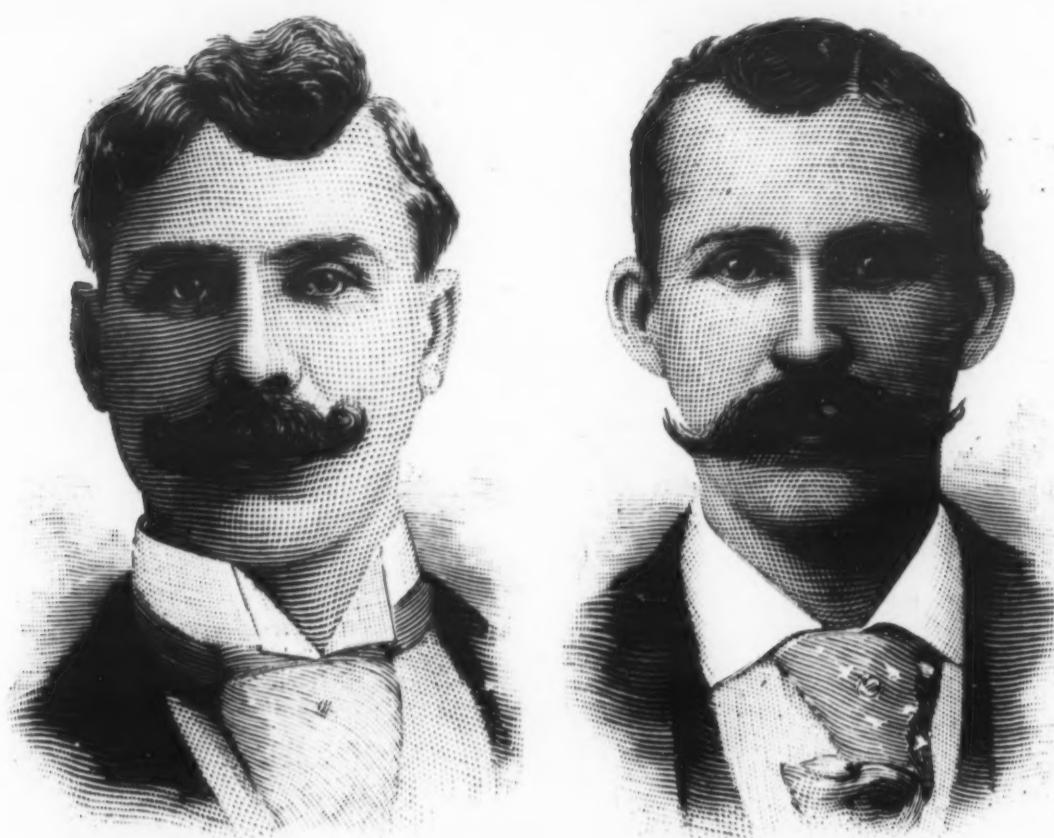
K. D., Boston, Mass.—Pierre Lorillard's gelding Parole won the Newmarket Handicap at Newmarket, England, on April 18, 1879.

A. B., Denver, Colo.—John L. Sullivan challenged Jake Klarin to fight for the championship of the world and \$10,000 on Dec. 7, 1888.

W. A., Columbus, Ind.—Harry Crawford roped, threw and tied a wild steer in 3½ seconds at Fort Craig, N. M., on July 5, 1890.

M. E., Detroit, Mich.—Hubbard stuck up and knocked down 1,180 skittles pins in an hour at London, Eng., on January 19, 1885.

A. S., Paducah, Ky.—According to your statement A is entitled to



FRANK W. HARRIS.

A CRACK BASEBALL PLAYER AND ALL-AROUND
SPORT, OF FREEPORT, ILL.

L. W. NEWMAN.

A POPULAR AND CELEBRATED BARTENDER
OF HARRISONBURG, VA.

A COWARDLY LOVER.

HE STEALS UP TO A WINDOW AND SHOOTS HIS SWEETHEART, KILLING
HER INSTANTLY, AT OSSAWATOMIE, KAN.

"OH, COOKEY, YOU HAVEN'T GOT THE NERVE."

S. C. COOK SHOOTS HIMSELF IN THE HOTEL ST. GEORGE, BROOKLYN, N. Y., AFTER HIS
WIFE MADE THE ABOVE REMARK.SAM JACKSON,
THE FEARLESS DEPUTY UNITED STATES MARSHAL AND TERROR OF THE
CROOKS, OF LIVINGSTON, MONT.

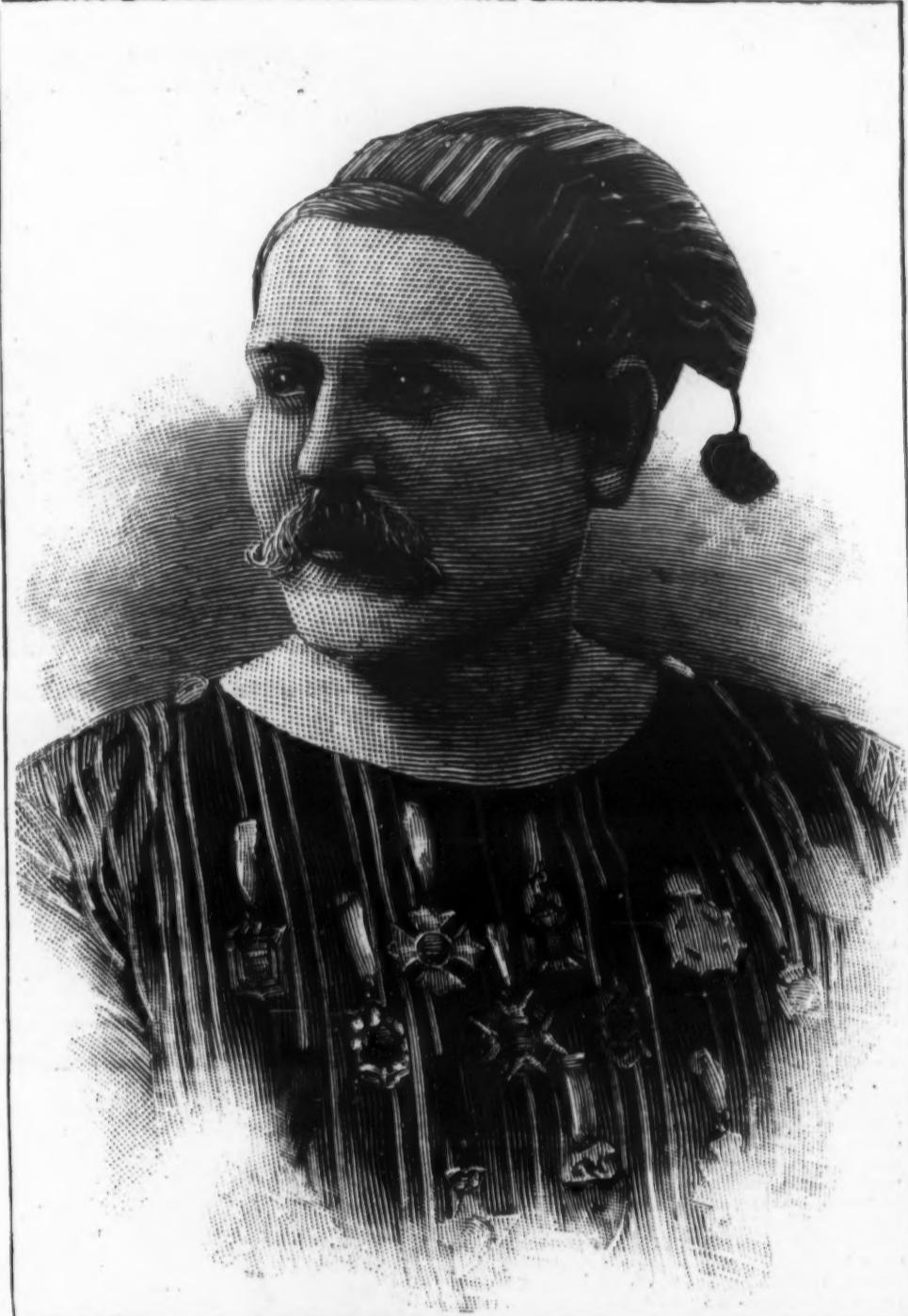
PATRICK EUGENE PRENDERGAST.

THE BLOODTHIRSTY CRANK WHO, ON OCTOBER 26, ASSASSINATED
CARTER HARRISON, MAYOR OF CHICAGO.



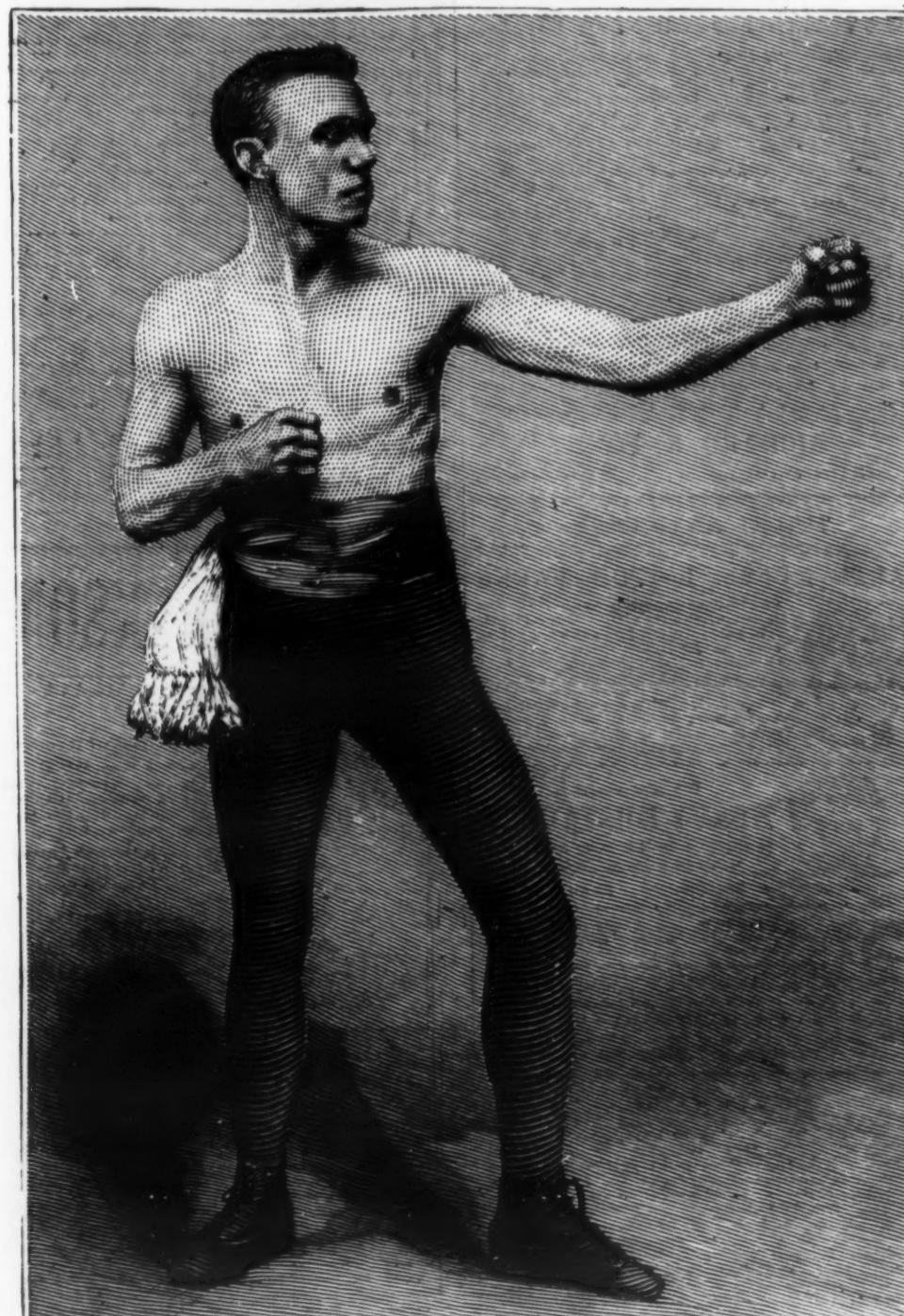
BUDGE BEUCLAIR,

ONE OF CANADA'S BEST ALL-AROUND ATHLETES, WHO HAS GAINED CONSIDERABLE FAME ON THE CINDER PATH AND IN THE PRIZE RING.



PROFESSOR ALBERT,

A FAMOUS PROFESSIONAL LONG DISTANCE SWIMMER, WHO RECENTLY GAVE ASTONISHING EXHIBITIONS AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.



TOMMY DIXON,

A CLEVER FEATHER-WEIGHT PUGILIST OF CANADA, WHO RECENTLY CHALLENGED CHAMPION GEORGE DIXON TO BATTLE.



JOHN S. JOHNSON,

THE FAMOUS AND SPEEDY BICYCLE RIDER, WHO BROKE FOUR WORLD'S RECORDS AT INDEPENDENCE, IOWA, RECENTLY.

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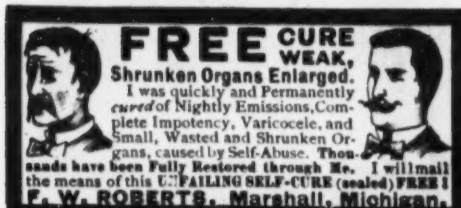
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